

The Woodland Democrat

VOL. XI.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

NO. 22.

The Yolo Democrat

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WM. SAUNDERS,
Editor and Proprietor.

M. W. THOMAS, Agent.

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One copy, one month, 50 cts.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (9 lines or less), first insertion, \$1.50

Each subsequent insertion, 1.00

A liberal discount made from above rates to

quarterly or yearly advertisers.

Legal advertising at rates established by law.

Notices in the local department, ten

cents a line for the first and five cents a line for

each subsequent insertion.

All transient advertisements must be

paid for in advance.

Forty Acres of Land

ADJOINING THE TOWN OF WOODLAND.

The very desirable tract of land, containing

forty acres, situated west of Ripley's corner

on the south side of Main street, known as

the PATRICK CASEY PLACE, is now

offered for sale, the owner having taken up

his residence in another country. This is

A splendid chance for investment.

As Woodland is the county seat and is growing

steadily in size and importance.

This site affords the advantages of a town

without having to bear the taxation that land

does within the incorporation. The land is

of the best quality, and as a water-irrigation

run along the south side of it, can easily be irri-

gated.

For particulars, address PATRICK CASEY,

Williams, Colusa County, or inquire at this

office.

my17-1

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

AND FANCY GOODS.

SCHOOL BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

Stationery and Musical Instru-

ments, Etc.

ALWAYS TO BE FOUND AT

G. W. GREENE'S

JEWELRY STORE,

MAIN STREET,

WOODLAND, CALIF.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a

satisfactory manner and on short notice.

my17-1

A. WEAVER,

HAS REMOVED

From his old stand to

East of Washington Hall,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND,

Where he is prepared to do all kinds of

BLACKSMITHING,

WAGON-MAKING,

AND REPAIRING ON SHORT NOTICE,

In the Best Manner and at Reasonable Rates.

my17-1

GRAND REDUCTION IN PRICES!

A. BUTZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Notifies the Public that he will make

Clothing at Greatly Reduced

Prices, and a

GOOD FIT GUARANTEED

IN EVERY CASE!

Business Suits—\$20.

Pants—\$5 to \$10.

Dress Suits to Order—\$25 to \$50.

Don't fail to call and examine my stock be-

fore going elsewhere, all my own manu-

facture. Remember the place.

MAIN ST., OPP. GOOD TEMPLAR HALL,

WOODLAND, CALIF.

my17-1

L. MACHERET,

JEWELRY STORE

CRAFT HOTEL BUILDING,

WOODLAND, CALIF.

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Ladies' Gold Sets,

Solid and Plated Ware, Pins, Spectacles,

and everything in the Jewelry line. Agency

of the FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.

my17-1

J. BORACH,

(SUCCESSOR TO HALL & PENDEGAEST),

DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

CACHEVILLE, CALIF.

All kinds of Country Produce Bought at the

Highest Market Price. my23-1

WOODLAND BAKERY,

OTTO SCHLIER, Prop'r.

Families supplied with Fresh Bread, Crackers,

and all kinds of Baked Goods.

Wedding Cakes Supplied to Order.

BAKERY ON FIRST STREET

Near Capital Hotel. my17-1

J. W. KING,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.

None but first-class work allowed to leave

this gallery.

COME AND SEE US. my17-1

Dale & Co.,

PIONEER MUSIC STORE,

No. 185 1/2 St., Sacramento.

Knabe Piano Fortes and the Prince's Organs.

New Music received every day. Instru-

ments Tuned and Repaired. Zephyr Woods

and Embroideries. Toys and Fancy Goods in

great variety. my22-1

WOODLAND VARIETY STORE!

Opposite Collier, Main Street, Woodland, Cal.

A full stock of Stationery, School Books,

Pictures, Musical Instruments, etc.

CATHOLIC BOOKS AND PICTURES A SPECIALTY.

All goods selected with care, and will be sold

at a reasonable profit. Please give me a call.

Geo. C. St. Louis. my17-1

S. A. WOLFE,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

S. W. Cor. 7th and 5th Street, Sacramento.

FIRST-CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY.

my17-1

STERLING G. HARPER,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

Practices in all the Courts of the State,

Office over Thomas & Bidwell's Store,

Woodland.

my17-1

DR. A. STRONG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, at Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland,

Calif. promptly responded to at all hours.

my17-1

A. N. DICK,

DENTIST.

One door west of Express Office (up stairs),

Main St., Woodland, Cal. my17-1

THOMAS ROSS, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office at Proctor's Drug Store, Residence,

College Street, fourth house south of Main

St. my17-1

C. E. PINKHAM, M.D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OFFICE OVER THE BANK, WOODLAND, CALIF.

Office hours—8 to 9 A.M., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P.M.

Sundays, 9 to 12 P.M. my17-1

W. C. WILSON,

DENTIST.

Office in Bank Building. All work warranted.

First-class. Terms reasonable. my17-1

J. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

And Notary Public.

Practices in District and Supreme Courts,

Office in Exchange Block, Woodland, Calif.

my17-1

W. B. TREADWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Woodland, Cal. Office at the Court House.

my17-1

E. R. BUSH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

Searcher of Records and Conveyances,

Office in Court House, Woodland, Cal. my17-1

DR. W. T. LUCAS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Main

Street, Woodland, Calif. my17-1

DR. GEORGE H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN.

Office, one door west of Express Office; Resi-

dence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak

Avenues. my17-1

DR. E. L. PARANORE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, opposite Postoffice, Woodland, Cal.

Orders may be left at Elston & White's

Drug Store. my17-1

CHAS. HAYMOND, MARVIN C. ALLEN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Office over Gillig, Mott & Co's. No. 33 J

Street, Sacramento. my17-1

DR. R. M. PIERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, corner College and Main streets, Wood-

land. my17-1

DR. HENRY M. KIER,

PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHEUR

Office—With J. W. Snowball, Main Street,

Knight's Landing, Cal. my17-1

J. C. HALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY.

Office—Over Bank of Woodland, Main

Street, Woodland, Cal. my17-1

W. R. HINSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Fifth Street, bet. 1st & J. Sacramento. In

Office with Armstrong & Hinkson. my17-1

DR. A. H. NERBETT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, over Proctor's Drug Store, Main

Street, Woodland, Cal. my17-1

Orders left at Proctor's Drug Store will be

promptly attended to. my17-1

NOTICE.

As the condition of the roads make my con-

tinued trip an impossibility for the pres-

ent, I will make an extension of the time

allowed (30 days) in which my customers

may get

PHOTOGRAPHS AT REDUCED RATES.

SAY—

60 days more—from March 15,

ANY KIND OF WEATHER!

Cloudy Days—the Best for Good Effects,

(excepting Babies)

Some say, "Why, King, you are making bet-

ter work than ever!"

My answer is, I have had more good-look-

ing, better dressed subjects lately than ever

before. Also—see better in improvement.

Look in and see us.

KING, Photographer.

my17-1

TO THE LADIES

—OF—

Woodland and Yolo County!

MRS. OGBURN,

MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.

Has on hand

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the Latest Styles.

Would be pleased to have the Ladies call and

examine them, confident that she can give

in the future as well as in the past. She would

also return thanks for the liberal patronage

hitherto bestowed, and would respectfully

solicit a continuance of the same.

N.B.—Particular attention given to

DRESSMAKING!

Ladies taught to Cut and Fit by Chart.

Agency of the

New Weed Sewing Machine!

One of the most reliable in use.

Also, Agency for SCOURING & DYEING.

my17-1

J. K. SMITH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FURNITURE AND BEDDING,

COLLEGE-BLOCK, MAIN ST.,

WOODLAND, CALIF., opp. the Craft House.

Undertaking promptly attended to.

A fine new house in connection with the

business. my17-1

P. KRELLBERG,

FURNITURE AND BEDDING.

A large assortment always on hand

which will be sold at reasonable

prices. Also, GENERAL UNDERTAK-

ING. I keep on hand a large lot

of Burial Cases and Coffins, and have a First

Class Hearse, so that I am prepared to supply

everything necessary for the funeral of the

deceased. Also, Corsets and Hosiery, opp.

Proctor's Drug Store, Woodland, Calif.

my17-1

JO. S. JACKSON, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office—One door west of the Express Office,

UP STAIRS.

HOURS—9 to 11 A.M. and 7 to 9 P.M.

RESIDENCE—East side of Third street, first

house south of Masonic Hall, Woodland.

my17-1

The Holy Democrat.

WOODLAND, CALIF., CAL.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1918.

Masked Batteries.

If you'll keep it secret—honor bright—
I'll tell you a little story, Joe;
Something that happened to me last night
Here at the masquerade ball, you know.

You may have noticed I've spooned to late
On Laura Clyde—nothing else to do—
She's rather pretty—at any rate,
Fond of flirting, and I am, too.

Laura's friend of my sister Pan;
Her rooms look mine and the walls are thin.
So I, by accident, heard them plan
Their dresses for masquerading in.

The ball was lovely, the costumes fine,
And either dancing or loud champagne—
Can't say which, but expect the wine—
Just a little confused my brain.

So, meeting Laura—a gray maid—
Knew her at once by her dress, you see—
I took her out for a promenade
On the piazza alone with me.

Flirted? Said I was deep in love,
Madly worshipped the ground she trod,
Vowed it all below, above,
Did she return it—a word, a nod?

The fair head dropped in a second,
I snatched off the mask—with rapture kissed
her;
A peal of laughter was my reply,
By Jove, old boy, I was my sister!

Laugh at me, Joe! Don't spare my pride!
Nor mind my feelings—I feel so glad
I was my sister—not Laura Clyde,
Heavens! What an escape I had!

—Vandy Veres.

Brought to Terms.

"You are surely not in earnest, father?"
"I assure you I am. I will not give my
consent to your marriage with that girl,"
said Mr. Cameron, angrily, but not firmly.

"You are unjust to her; you admit that
you know nothing of her."
"Except that she is the daughter of a
farmer, a poor, illiterate farmer who has
half a dozen other children."

"Mr. Litchfield is poor, I grant, but
neither he nor his children are ignorant;
Sophie has as good an education as any
girl I know."

"Bah!" exclaimed the older man, con-
temptuously. "Of course she is perfect-
ly! Why couldn't you have had sense
enough to fancy Lottie Felton, or that
pretty little Hillard girl? I'd welcome
either of them willingly enough, but this
girl I will not receive."

"Simply because she is a farmer's
daughter?"
"Simply because I choose not to!" an-
swered Basil Cameron, all the obstinacy
inherited from his Scotch grandfather
rising up against his son's coarseness.

"I say you shall not marry her—and you
shall not!"
"And I say I will," replied Maurice,
angry in his turn. "I defy any one to
hinder me without showing better cause
than her poverty."

"You seem to forget, young man, that
you have not a penny of your own! Pray
how do you propose to support a wife that
I disapprove of?"

"By my own exertions, sir, as thou-
sands of better men than I am are doing;
I am neither an invalid nor an imbecile."
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the father. "You
work! That is rich! Go and tell your
sweetheart that your father will not give
you another dollar during his life or after
it, and see how quick she'll repent of say-
ing 'yes' to you."

"On the contrary, sir, her father's only
objection to me is that I am an idle young
man!"

"Don't talk about the matter, Maurice.
Come, give me your word to break off
this engagement, and—"

"Never, sir!"
"Then the sooner you get out of my
sight the better. I wash my hands of
you, you thankless boy! Go and work,
and come to me in a year begging bread
for your wife. I'd see you starve before
I'd give it to you."

Maurice Cameron was the only son of
Basil Cameron, one of the richest and most
influential men in the busy town of Nelson.
He had received a liberal education, and
his father, who accumulated wealth only
for him, looked to see him take his place
among the leading men of the State.

Cautious, persevering, obstinate, he had
marked out a certain course for his hand-
some, talented boy, and determined that
he must carry it out, forgetting that the
son usually inherits most, if not all, of his
stronger parent's characteristics. Mr.
Cameron, too, was proud; proud of his
good Scotch descent, of his abilities and
his position in society, and the idea of
"the taking as a wife this daughter of a
small, unknown farmer was bitterness
indeed. It is true he knew nothing what-
ever of the girl, but that made no differ-
ence; he had made up his mind that Mau-
rice must marry into either the Felton,
Hillard or Stuyvesant families, therefore
this unheard of Sophie Litchfield was
an interloper.

Mrs. Cameron worshipped both hus-
band and son, and consequently she was
greatly distressed, as it did, into an
open rupture between the two—cost her
many a tear; but against two such stub-
born natures she was powerless.

The Litchfields were, as Mr. Cameron
had said, poor; but they were cultivated,
honest, sensible people. Sophie was the
second daughter and was pretty, well-
read, graceful and as any Cameron ever
wooded, and would do honor to any po-
sition in life. Mr. Litchfield talked se-
riously with Maurice when he heard of
the quarrel between him and his father,
and finding that he was determined to
pursue his own course, told him that a
little adversity, and the idea of genu-
ine work would probably make a man of him, and
that he would give him Sophie more
willingly now than ever. So Basil Cam-
eron was a false prophet.

Maurice left home, bag and baggage,
the day of the conversation above re-
corded. His father felt very curious to
know what he would do, but would not
condescend to make any inquiries or show
any interest.

A fortnight passed. Mr. and Mrs.
Cameron were dining with the Peltons (a
quiet family dinner) one day, when there
was a very fine leg of mutton on the
table.

"Yes, thank you, Felton, I will take
another slice," said Maurice, "that is
the best mutton I've tasted this long
time, far better than Brooks gives us—
you trade with Brooks, don't you?"

"Yes, usually," answered Mr. Felton,
hesitatingly, while Lottie and her mother
exchanged amused glances and twelve-
year-old Susie giggled outright.

"I shall go to Brooks to-morrow and
tell him to send me just such a leg as
this," continued Mr. Cameron.
"We—we didn't get this of Brooks,"
said Mrs. Cameron.
"Of a young man who has re-opened
Evans' old place," said Mr. Felton, smil-
ingly.

"Then I'll patronize him."
"You could do no better; he is a very
worthy young man," said Mrs. Felton;
her husband was too busy carving to re-
ply.

"What is his name? Is he a towns-
man?"
"I didn't ask him. Is it true that
Latimer has failed?" said Mr. Felton.
"These good friends evidently don't
want me to deal with their butcher, but
I will," soothed Basil Cameron, who
on his way down town the next morn-
ing he took pains to pass the new
butcher's shop; glancing over the door-
way (fancy his horror!) he saw a spick-
and-span new sign-board with "Maurice
Basil Cameron, Jr., Butcher, Poulterer
and Fishmonger," plainly painted thereon.
Young Cameron had indeed gone to
work; this was the first, indeed the only
opening that presented itself, for Nelson
was a steady-going town, and the young
man's father started up very vigorously,
and chances of establishing one's self did
not occur twice in a life-time.

Maurice was standing near the door
when his father approached, with his im-
maculate apron and under his eyes the
glossy collar and narrow black necktie
was a handsome picture in spite of his
very unromantic surroundings.

"Good morning, father," said he, cheer-
fully. "You see I've gone to work; to-
day money I've been saving for a trip to
Europe, and opened this little place. I've
got Evans' son with me and he knows all
about meats and things. I'll learn after
while. You'll give me your
"Great heavens! Is it—is it you?"
"Yes, sir, I. Maurice Basil Cameron,
Jr."

I think that "Junior" was the bitterest
drop in the whole cup of the old man; I
really believe that, for a moment, he re-
pented naming his son after himself. Too
angry to much astonished to know
what to say, he turned on his heel and
walked away, but he could not escape the
memory of that awful sign-board; three
times that week delicate straw-colored
hand-bills were thrust under his eyes by
boys who were distributing them through-
out the town, and all bore the same legend;
every time he picked up a newspaper he
saw Maurice's advertisement; all of his
acquaintances were laughing over Mau-
rice's freak (as he called it), and not a
few men applauded the young man and
blamed him. It was a genuine agony.

Then, too, he loved the boy and missed
his bright face from the home that was so
quiet without him; he knew his wife
mourned deeply over the separation and
strongly suspected that she visited the ob-
noxious shop every day; he did not want
to hurt her feelings, so he never asked
her where she bought her meat, but he
could not help but wonder what she was
doing a thriving trade there was no hope
of his serving for mercy or for help.

Three months passed and a day came
that for twenty-eight years Mr. and Mrs.
Cameron had had a home festival
their wedding anniversary. The night
before it dawned Basil Cameron knew
that his wife had cried nearly all night.
How could she keep a festival without
her boy?

"Oh, dear!" he groaned as he left the
house before breakfast, "I must do it. The
boy is stubborn—as I am; and I can't see
his mother fret. He shall have his coun-
try girl—confound her!—just as he had
the hamster and the looking-glass when
he was a baby!"

Richard, the coachman, almost fancied
himself crazed when his master told him
to drive out on the Barton road to Farmer
Litchfield's instead of down to the bank
as usual early in the morning.

"Does Miss Sophie Litchfield live
here?" he asked of a pretty little girl who
was just coming out the front door of the
house pointed out to him as Litchfield's.
"Yes, sir; please walk in; she's here in
the parlor."

Instead of a slipshod, blowsy girl, Mr.
Cameron found Sophie to be a very at-
tractive young lady; quite as pleasant as
Lottie Felton. His visit was far longer
than he intended, for he ended by going
to the farm with the father while the
daughter was making a few changes in
her dress preparatory to spending the
day with her future mother-in-law. Mrs.
Cameron had smiles instead of tears that
day, and the boy and the girl were at
home again, but discovered that Sophie
was just exactly the sort of a girl she had
always pictured to herself as Maurice's
wife. "I could not have chosen better
myself," she said.

Months passed, and the determination to
go into business instead of playing the
fine gentleman all his life, but readily
agreed to his father's proposition to buy
him an interest in the only wholesale dry
goods house in the town, saying that he
certainly preferred that to his former oc-
cupation, "but then I was poor, and beg-
gars must not be choosers, you know."
—Practical Farmer.

DEATH IN AN ELEVATOR.—Yakke ele-
vators are needed in Paris. The appalling
accident at the Grand Hotel, which
occurred a fortnight ago, shows that the
lifts are as dangerous as they are clumsy.
Owing to the fact that the car or
cage is not fastened to the machinery, the car
instead of gently descending from the sec-
ond floor, went up like a rocket to the
roof of the fifth floor and there received
such a shock that the chains attached to
the weights were broken. Three persons
who were in the car were killed outright,
and another was dangerously
wounded. The car plunged down from
the roof to the ground floor with a crash
that alarmed every one in the hotel.
Baron Shack was the first to open the
door, and he found his wife lying dead
on the bottom of the car. They had left
their room together, and she had stepped
into the car while he had preferred to go
down by staircase. There were no signs
of external injury save a slight flow
of blood from the nose, and it is proba-
bly that the Baroness and the other vic-
tims died from cerebral congestion caused
by the shock and the rapid passage of
the car.

FRANK T. is seven years old—was sent
to bed for some misdeed. Soon after
his mother went up stairs expecting
to find him tearful and penitent—not so,
however. He was on the floor, no trace
of tears, looking as demure as a Quaker
in his Sunday garb.

"Why, Frank," said his mother, "not in
bed yet?"
"No," said he, "but I knew I was
naughty not to, so I pinned up a shawl
at the window, so God couldn't peep in."

SILVER cradles in miniature size, lined
with satin are the newest designs for
jewel cases. Cradles always contain jew-
els, don't they?

A Martyr to Duty.

At Dexter, Maine, not long since, an
attempt was made to rob the Savings
Bank, which met with only partial suc-
cess, but was accompanied by the most
foul murder of the Cashier, Mr. J. W.
Baron. The first knowledge of the crime
resulted from the failure of Mr. Baron
to return home as usual on Friday even-
ing. A inquiry was made for him, and he
could not be found. This excited sus-
picion. When the bank officers searched
at the bank the doors were found locked.
When the cashier of the National Bank
opened his vault, which is connected with
that of the Savings bank, he found the
door of the savings bank safe opened so
he could not get through, but could hear
Mr. Baron groaning. They then broke
open the doors of the savings bank room
and found Mr. Baron lying in the vault
between the vaults. He had been found
gagged, and a rope around his neck. He
was taken out senseless, and remained so
until about half-past five yesterday morn-
ing when he expired. He had several
wounds on his forehead, which caused his
death. The burglars succeeded
in getting away with less than \$100 of
the money in the bank.

The robbery was accomplished probably
between the hours of five and six o'clock.
Mr. Parsons, an insurance agent, left
the bank about quarter to five o'clock, and
nothing unusual had occurred then.
At six o'clock, a person, who the cashier
left his office at five o'clock, and
tried the door to Mr. Baron's room and
found it locked. He supposed he had
left the building; so, as he went down the
stairs he locked the outside door.

At six o'clock, a person, who the cashier
left his office at five o'clock, and
tried the door to Mr. Baron's room and
found it locked. He supposed he had
left the building; so, as he went down the
stairs he locked the outside door.

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A Graduating Essay that Won a Husband.

Among the graduates of the High
School at Bangor, Me., in 1878, was
a young lady of nineteen, who read an
essay on "After Graduation, What?" in
which she gave utterance to the following
commendable creation:

"The lords of creation have been com-
pared to study oaks, and we the vines that
cling to and twine around them; but this
metaphor, if ever pertinent, to use a slang
phrase, has long since 'played out.' We
have all heard of the 63,000 oakless woods
in Massachusetts, to say nothing of the
uncounted thousands in Maine, and there
are too many oaks that can scarcely sup-
port themselves, to say nothing of their
supporting anything else. . . . I
much prefer a life of activity and honest
exertion, and I believe that the world
owes me a living if I can earn it, and I
expect it on no other condition.

This essay was published entire in the
local papers of the town, and attracted
considerable attention. The paper had
given above being copied into the
columns of the leading journals of the larger
cities. One of these papers fell into the
hands of a gentleman who was returning
from New York to his home in Bangor,
and he was so struck with the sentiment
expressed that he cut out the extract and
placed it in his pocket-book. He was then a married man.
In 1876, his wife having died, he in-
closed the slip to a friend in Bangor, asking
him if it was written by a Bangor girl, and
if so, to give it to her. The friend, who
was a graduate of the High School, re-
plied, and if so, if the lady was married
or single, etc. In due time he received
an answer giving him the lady's name,
and the fact that she was still heart-whole
and fancy-free, and other particulars re-
lating to her family that were of a most
agreeable character. The young man
at once opened a correspondence with
her, and the two were soon engaged to be
married. The engagement was not long
before it was broken, and the young man
was entered into between them. This
fact was also published in the papers, and
not long since the New York Tribune
published the matter as follows:

A graduating essay may be made as
useful as a matrimonial advertisement, if
a country editor will only be good enough
to publish it. A young lady in Bangor,
Me., who was a graduate of the High School,
sent me a copy of an essay which she had
written, and which was published in the
Bangor papers. The essay was a long
one, and I have not space to give it in
full, but I will give you a few lines of
it, and you will see that it is a most
valuable paper. The essay was written
by a young lady of nineteen, who was a
graduate of the High School, and who was
a most valuable paper. The essay was
written by a young lady of nineteen, who
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The Two Suitors.

One sends a lily, cold and white—
White, with a heart of gold;
And one a bud, not open quite,
Whose pale lips just unfold.
To whisper—hush, I know, dear rose!
Not yet, not yet, thy lips unfold!
One says, "O lady, wear to-night
This lily for my sake;
And let me read this sign aright,
A fairer flower to take!"
The other—hush, I know, dear rose!
Not yet, not yet, thy lips unfold!
Lily, I hate you—proud and grand,
Death, with a heart of gold;
Rose, dear rose, do you understand
To tell what you are told?
A word—a kiss—to-night, dear rose,
To light to him your lips unfold!
—Detroit Free Press.

Despised and Rejected Men.

BY MARY A. PARSONS.

After all, it is not easy to be sympathetically interested in a boy to whom you have explained fifty times that two and two can't make five, and then to have him say, for the fifty-first time, that it does; or, if he catches the warning shake of your aching head, as he is doing, and "Fly—," to have him drop, in his dull way, and say: "I don't know." Then, too, when his eyes are so dirty that persons with delicate stomachs turn away from him with a shuddering "ugh!" He don't care one thing of him, Tom Dolan and his like, all over the world, as any portion of those the Master meant when he said "Feed my lambs!"

Dear, no! It seems almost irrelevant to think of lambs in such a connection. One might think of cur, or whelp, or brute; but never lamb.

So it's not to be wondered at that Miss Wilton, the teacher, did not love Tom, especially as, studying being a thing utterly beyond his comprehension, and playing something he did measurably understand, he was a troublesome boy.

Don't you see that when a boy has no idea what you mean when you say "study," and yet has a very definite idea of the manufacture and use of paper wads, he is much more likely to neglect the studying while he makes the boys in front "whoop lively!"—an exhilarating process to him!

As a bad name sticks, when once it is fastened on by a man, all the mischief that could be directly traced to some other scholar was laid to Tom Dolan. So he was punished many a time when he had only been asleep, or stupidly drawing pictures on his desk with a foreigner dampened with saliva.

One day Jim Wilton scattered snuff around, so that the occupants of half a dozen benches were set to sneezing violently.

Nothing could exceed the falsely-accused, martyr-like expression of Jim's face, when asked if he knew anything about it. He never said a word. He was about telling tales of a schoolmate. But he glanced at Tom, who sat near by, as much as to say: "You did it. He don't know any better than to do such things."

So Miss Wilton asked Joe Smith, who didn't know nothing about it; and Tim Benton, Jim White's cronies, who didn't know, but "gessed" Tom done it."

She went back to Tom, and finding a paper of snuff in his desk, she whipped him severely—for bringing snuff to school, and then telling a lie.

After this punishment, viciously yet unwillingly borne, Tom rubbed into his face still more dirt from his filthy jacket-sleeve, to which he always transferred his tears.

Perhaps this made him look more aggravating than usual, when school being dismissed, he donned his very dilapidated straw hat. At any rate, Joe Smith thought it was rare sport to set on fire the loose straw sticking up from Tom's frowzy head—so he let some light into his skull," he said.

When Tom found where the smell of smoke came from, he snatched off his hat, with a wild scream of terror, and ran back into the woods, where he found a noisy brook. The idea that the silly creature could really mean to try to save the wreck, which at first was scarcely more than a head-bump, so amused the boys that their shouts of jeering laughter penetrated even his dull brain with a sense of being miserably wronged, and, tossing the still smoking fragment of a hat into the brook, he watched it float away, through fast falling tears.

There would only be more torture from the boys, if he ventured out from his hiding-place till they were all gone home. Added to this reason, for delay was the moral certainty that his mother, herself a hard working, poor, ill-used woman, would beat him for coming home late. So he stayed, watching the merry water dance over the stones, soothed by it, though he didn't know why, till hunger forced him to brave the whipping and all the rest.

He stayed his steps a little as he drew near home, meditating on how he might reach in at the pantry window and help himself to supper, if only he had a jack-knife to cut away the laths that were used to bar the open window in hot weather.

He was walking slowly, when his bare toe received a prick from something lying on the ground. His start of pain kicked the cause directly into sight. That breast-pin, with the golden beetle on it, surely never belonged to any but the teacher, for he had not gazed at it, wondering all the time she was explaining his geography lesson to him that very morning!

He had a vague sense of queerness that a beetle—a mere bug—should be cut of gold and allowed to wear so honorable a place. Why, he was not dirty as a beetle; yet would she even smile at him, much less ask for his tin-type, as he had heard her for several of the boys' photographs!

If Miss Wilton had read his wonder about the golden beetle, and had told him that the reason for its being on her pin was in imitation of ancient jewelry, when beetles were worshipped even, what would he have said then?

Tom picked up the pin, with an eager look around, to see if he were observed. What! Had he not heard, "Thou shalt not steal!" Oh! yes. But things were rather mixed in poor Tom's mind.

The teacher had whipped Anna when Jim White sprinkled the snuff about, and again for telling the truth, and not a lie; and here was her new pin in his hand. She would miss it, he knew, and be sorry to lose it; but he could buy a jack-knife, and maybe a hat, with the value of it.

"Mama wouldn't lick me then," he reflected, with a sense of relief that showed when that appreciated corporal punishment as an argument when it was to be es-

The Famine in China.

We published the other day, communications on the subject of the famine in China, which showed that the cause of this terrible calamity is misapprehended by some, at least, of our readers. Opium is, no doubt, a curse to the inhabitants of China, and there is no censuring so severe for the mercenary policy of a Christian country which has urged it upon them in spite of the protests of her heathen rulers. But opium has nothing to do with the present famine. It is unjust to represent the people of Northern China as drunken sensualists, suffering the punishment of their idleness. They are, in fact, a swarming mass of wretched poor peasants, accustomed to want and to a frugality, of which the people of this prolific country can have no just idea. So extreme is their condition, even in favorable years, that certain days are appointed by law when the half-starved bands of beggars are permitted to enter the shops and houses of the towns and to make what they call "presents" until they receive alms. The destruction of famine children, common in these districts, is the outgrowth of the perpetual want to which these people have been born here for generations.

Mr. Macleod, a Scotchman, says a Christian writer, "It appears to them a merciful necessity, not a crime."

The famine, which has reached its crisis in the present year, has been caused by the failure of the rice crop for three seasons, owing to the drought which followed the destruction of the timber in Shan-shai and Chihli. Sir Thomas Wade has just issued an urgent appeal for aid to all English speaking people, of which it is only necessary to quote the fact that seventy-five millions of people are literally starving to death; that for a year they subsisted on herbs and grass, and last year on the bark of trees; and that now all vegetation having utterly disappeared, they are eating earth and a kind of slate stone which can be masticated. A single grain, Sir Thomas says, is enough to save a human life for a year. If any additional money be needed to give force to these terrible facts, it may be found by Christians in his statement, that the English and American missionaries have given themselves up to the work of relieving the death-stricken millions, and that their conduct has effected a great change in the opinion of the Chinese with regard to the religion they teach. "We will never speak ill of them again," they say. "This is a better religion than that of the Mandarins."

What is New York going to do in this matter? Times are hard, but the poorest can spare something for a great nation starting to starve. Next week we teach Christianity as Christ taught it. This is the season when collections are taken up in our churches for foreign missions. We would suggest that one starved being be given a living sermon which no tract or missionary in the future could ever equal.—N. Y. Tribune.

DEATH RATE IN VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.—Nobody doubts that the occupation of an individual has much to do with his general health, and with his chances of death. Statistics prove that the death rates are lowest among the professional men—not physicians, but men of letters, lawyers, engineers, farmers and laborers; next carpenters, machinists, and workers in iron; next, school teachers, tobacco and physicians, and finally the clergy of the Roman Catholic church, among whom the mortality is much greater than among the Protestant clergy and the other professions named. Next come the druggists and butchers, then miners and glass manufacturers, plumbers and cooper-makers, railway employees and dock laborers, and last of all, carmen, cabmen, horse-keepers, and keepers, among whom the mortality is greatest, and much more than double that of the first mentioned occupation.

The deduction which may be drawn from these facts is very instructive, and is practically useful; it proves that the quiet pursuit of science tends to prolong life as well as out-door labor, provided it is not on railways or among shipping or horses; that to work in iron is more wholesome than to work in lead or copper, as might be expected, while the confined labor of a schoolmaster is as injurious as the state of celibacy of the Roman Catholic priest; lastly, the inn-keepers, being the least healthy of all, should be the least trusted for a long life, as well as those with whom they habitually keep company.—Manufacturers and Builder.

CONKLING AS A BOXER.—Senator Conkling, when at college, is said to have had many a reserved fight, which provoked his fellow students to tease and torment him. He was then a tall, slender youth, and not strong, and feeling his inability to protect himself properly, he quietly procured a teacher in the art of self-defense, and soon became an expert boxer. After he had held a few emphatic interviews with his college friends, they concluded it was the better part of valor to let him alone, and he finished his college course with no more molestation. It is added that the Senator takes pleasure in putting on the gloves whenever he can find anyone to spar with him.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER announces, with apparent despair, that "ladies who do not know how to bake bread are learning how to take tortoiseshell ornaments. This is shocking! but it may also be recorded that gentlemen who do not know how to smoke a pipe are learning to smoke cigars and meerschaums, all over the country, and have been doing so ever since it was settled. Whither are we drifting?"

The landlady brushed back the thought of curl from her alabaster brow, as she asked her favorite boarder on Christmas Eve if he would have some of the spring chicken; and true to its name, the fowl sprung from the dull points of the carving-fork, like a rubber ball, into the lap of the young man with yellow pantaloons on. The spring chicken proved to be an infringement on the Good-year patent.

SOME women love and praise their husbands. Said a Louisville wife the other day in a frank, honest way: "My husband is a smart man, yes he is. I never saw a smarter. Why, he has fixed so that I can go to any store and run into debt as much as I please, and they can't touch a thing. But, of course, I wouldn't."

He was from the country, and he came to town for the first time. As he looked at the telegraph wires, he said, "Why do you make your wire fences so high?"

Is It Possible to Fly?

An interesting lecture on the above subject was delivered by Mr. Brearey, the honorable secretary of the Aeronautical Society in London, a few weeks ago, in which he explained the principles upon which aerial navigation must be conducted, and indirectly condemned the proposal to reach the pole by means of balloons. Flight, he said, was merely a mechanical action, capable of execution, that it was unassisted by air cells or other contrivances for affecting levity, and that the balloon as a means of locomotion was useless to man, except in the waftage.

Having explained the rudiments of aerial science, and detailed the various experiments made by English and foreign inventors, showing what their progress had been, he pointed out the curious fact that flight as the atmosphere is in proportion to the weight of water, the rarer medium was capable of supporting a creature much heavier than itself, while water, 800 times heavier, only supported a fish of about equal weight, bulk for bulk. The currents, too, which create a tides in the rarer element had to cope with, were out of all proportion to those of water.

This apparent anomaly was capable of explanation—it was due, he said, to flight by a merely mechanical action. Supposing fish bore the same proportional weight to their elemental medium as birds do to the atmosphere, they would be made of solid iron, heavier than platinum. As it was, a fish was really a bird without wings.

He gave some curious comparisons between two different birds and insects, as to the surface they covered, the length of their wings, and their weight. Thus the guinea was of three million times less weight than the Australian crane, but presented in proportion 140 times more surface to the air; and between these two there were almost all gradations.

In these investigations lay some of the most hopeful facts which seemed to render aerial navigation possible, and if man could get sufficient machine power for propulsion. It was not so much a question of power as of the right application of power. There was also the question of balance. The manner in which a bird kept its balance while its wings were being energetically worked alternately above and below its centre of gravity was marvellous. Mr. Brearey thought that with the example of the bicycle, the question of balancing would not present much difficulty.

He then touched on the application of steam to the navigation of the air. Until lately it had been thought that this was inadvisable, as a motive power, because of the cumbersome method of its generation, but it had been declared that when steam could be applied with a weight not exceeding twenty pounds per horse-power, the problem would soon be solved, that one starved being be given a living sermon which no tract or missionary in the future could ever equal.—N. Y. Tribune.

Much has been said, of late, concerning Horace Greeley's folly in lending such enormous sums to worthless applicants, who only repaid him with ingratitude. This was a remarkable weakness, but it may, to a certain degree, be explained by the fact that he was a poor, poverty-stricken man, who had failed in every effort. He had many hopes of making the New Yorker a success (and indeed it was the best weekly ever issued in this city); but it was swamped by the hard times which followed the panic of 1857.

In 1840 he found himself without a dollar, and was glad to engage as editor of the Whig party as editor of the Log Cabin. The salary was \$30 a week for six months, which was considered very liberal pay.

When the campaign was over Greeley determined to start the Tribune, but, unfortunately, he had no capital. He tried every way possible to obtain a moneyed partner, but was unsuccessful. McCall, a gas peddler, and a few others, and at last Greeley was glad to accept him, especially as he was a ready business man. When all other applications had failed, the ambitious editor remembered a noted resident of Jersey City, who had large resources, and he determined to try another effort. He therefore made a call on this man (the late Dudley S. Gregory), and, having mentioned his case, asked for the loan of \$10,000. Alternate hopes and fears crossed his mind until he saw Gregory fill up a check for the amount, and the editor departed with a light heart. This loan enabled him to start the Tribune, which was his great success of his life, and Gregory so wrought upon him that he determined never to refuse any similar application.

This rule not only bound him permanently, but his power so increased that at last he lost all ability to refuse. He paid Gregory with his first earnings, and after that he lent, indiscriminately, to all who cared to bleed him. Whenever a loan was solicited he always recalled the scene when he, too, was a borrower. He remembered how he felt the importance of those little words, yes or no. If Gregory had uttered the latter, the Tribune might never have been more than a young editor's dream. That fatal word, however, was not spoken, and Greeley ever afterward followed Gregory's example, though it cost him nearly one hundred times the amount of the original loan.—N. Y. Correspondent Cincinnati Gazette.

A BEGAR WHO PAID.—Probably people give nothing away for which they so little expect a return as charity to a "tramp." But even in this the givers are occasionally surprised. The Lafayette (Ind.) Courier says:

On one of the coldest days last winter, 1876-7, a German man called at a house in the Fourth Ward and asked for something to eat, saying that he had just come from the street, and his feet were frozen. The lady gave him something to eat, medicine for his feet, and a pair of socks. He went away, and nothing was seen of him until last January, when he returned and wanted to pay for the things he had received last winter. He would not leave until the lady had taken fifty cents, with the promise that she would feed the next poor fellow who came along. He then went away satisfied.

DOING RIGHT WELL.—A Mrs. Baker, of Flint, Mich., who gave birth to triplets a little over a year ago, which are christened Faith, Hope and Charity, and for which an elegant triplet baby carriage was ordered from a Detroit manufacturer, and paid for by public contribution, has become a mother again, this time to twins.

The New York Post-office sold \$61, 995 worth of stamps last week.

A Rival to the Sea Serpent.

The sea-serpent has a rival. It is a land animal; an animal as large, as fantastic, and as elusive as the celebrated monster of the sea—and at least twice as mysterious.

The minhococo is the new wonder. A very slight change in its name might have prejudiced the world against it—as, for instance, if it had been baptised minhococo. It is well fastened in the realm of science, being brought to notice by one Fritz Muller, of Brazil, in the Zoologische Garten, and receiving a full page of large type in a recent number of Nature. The minhococo is believed to be a resident of the region of South America where the Uruguay and Parana rivers have their sources. The animal is said by different observers to have the following characteristics: It is worm-shaped; about eighty-two feet long (by guess) and more than a yard in thickness; "not very long," however, according to another account; two horns on the head; a snout like a pig; a less definite description makes the animal "as big as a house," and measurement of the tracks indicates its possible width at six-and-a-half to ten feet. Some years ago, it is said, there was a dead minhococo wedged in the cleft of a rock near Arequipa, Peru; its skin was as thick as the bark of a pine tree, and formed of hard scales like those of the armadillo.

The new animal is, however, chiefly known by his markings. Great numbers are found in this region, which are supposed to be the evidence of the minhococo's industry. Heaps of earth are turned up in the process, and where pine trees stand in the way the minhococo is found in this region, which are supposed to be the evidence of the minhococo's industry. Heaps of earth are turned up in the process, and where pine trees stand in the way the minhococo is found in this region, which are supposed to be the evidence of the minhococo's industry. Heaps of earth are turned up in the process, and where pine trees stand in the way the minhococo is found in this region, which are supposed to be the evidence of the minhococo's industry.

It will be noticed that the new aspirant for fame has been almost as little seen as the sea-serpent. The subterranean monster is simply more fortunate than the minhococo, in leaving more palpable traces than a wake of foam. We may expect soon to hear of a scientific expedition to Uruguay in search of the minhococo. Whether it will be found like the sea-serpent, or a legendary creature, it is yet too soon to guess; possibly when unearthed it will be recognized as the descendant of one of the gigantic armadillos that certainly dwelt in South America during the reptilian age of geology.—Y. Tribune.

Horace Greeley as a Borrower and Lender.

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E. V. JOICE & JAMES MASON,
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
No. 41 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Special attention given to taking and certifying Depositions of Witnesses.

Dr. I. N. HODGEN,
DENTIST.
THEIR EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
In consequence of the failure of the crops time will be given to all who want to see the doctor, for Dental Work, in sums of Fifteen Dollars and upwards.
Office over Express Office,
Main Street, Woodland, Cal. 0025-3m

STEINWAY'S
Grand, Square and Upright
PIANOS!

Were awarded the HIGHEST HONORS at the Centennial Exhibition, viz: TWO MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS OF HONOR for
"The Highest Degree of Excellence in all their Styles of Pianos."

No other piano exhibitor has received more than one medal.
First Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Paris, 1867.
First Prize Medal, London Exhibition, 1862.
A. HEYMAN, Gen'l Agent,
SACRAMENTO,
Street, between 4th and 5th, opposite Court House

CAPITAL HOTEL,
Woodland.

Having purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite hotel, the proprietors are now prepared to receive and accommodate all transient and traveling public in respect to all matters pertaining to the hotel.

Good Boarding and Comfortable Rooms.
At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best marketable goods.

No Chinese Cooks Employed.
Free bus to and from all passenger trains.
JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor.

A. D. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER

Dealer in Produce Generally,
MAIN ST., WOODLAND,
00-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
Nos. 210 and 212 Bush Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Redeemed and Refurnished Thoroughly
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Rooms, with Board, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day
Rooms, without Board, 50 cts to \$1.00 per day
Day Board, 25 cts to 50 cts per month
SHELDON, BELT & CO.

To the Ladies of Woodland and Vicinity.

Rag Carpet Manufactory.
The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of new and second-hand carpets, and is prepared to weave rag carpets for all who wish them.

PRICES.
Fancy Patterns, per yard, 50 cts
Patterns with white warp, per yard, 45 cts
Plain Patterns, per yard, 40 cts

For Sale at Nicholson Bros'.
Orders left at Porter's Store will be promptly attended to.
0011-3m

EAGLE MILLS,
Knights' Landing.

ARNOLD & SCHROTH, Prop's.
These well known and popular mills have been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, and are now prepared to try another effort. He therefore made a call on this man (the late Dudley S. Gregory), and, having mentioned his case, asked for the loan of \$10,000. Alternate hopes and fears crossed his mind until he saw Gregory fill up a check for the amount, and the editor departed with a light heart. This loan enabled him to start the Tribune, which was his great success of his life, and Gregory so wrought upon him that he determined never to refuse any similar application.

Special attention will be given to
GRIST WORK,
Which will be promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

For choice lots of milling wheat the highest price will be paid in cash.
0018-3m

C. D. MORIN,
At his Old Stand, opposite the Bank of Woodland.

Is prepared to do all kinds of
PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,
AND

METAL ROOFING,
And Manufacturer of
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron
Wares;
ALSO, DEALER IN

STOVES,
PUMPS,
IRON AND GALVANIZED PIPES
OF ALL SIZES.

AGENTS FOR THE
CELEBRATED "UNION RANGE,"
AND THE
"MADALLION RANGE."

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
OF ALL KINDS IN HIS LINE.

GALVANIZED IRON
WATER TANKS!
All sizes, made to order.

AGENCY FOR
ROSE'S DEEP WELL FORCE PUMPS

TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS
Can be had at my store.

Orders from the Country Promptly attended to.

SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
(Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store.)
D. MORIN.

CAPITAL HOTEL,

SACRAMENTO,
Corner of K and Seventh Streets.
This Hotel having been newly refitted and re-furnished is now ready to offer superior accommodations to families as well as the traveling public. Free Omnibus to and from the Hotel. SLEIGHING & OUTRIGS, Prop.

H. WACHHORST,
IMPORTING
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
79 J Street, Sacramento,
BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STREETS.

Invites attention to his
Magnificent Stock of Genuine Sterling Silverware.

Ornamental and for the Table—2500 warranted to retain its beautiful whiteness and not change to a grayish shade, like cheap quality of Silver Forks and spoons.

NEW SILVER.—My selection is one of the rarest and most valuable in the State, in Diamond Sets, Stone Chains, Amethysts, Coral and Solid Gold Sets.

REPAIRS.—An endless variety of every description from plain Gold to the most elegant Diamond Settings.

WATCHES.—Open, Neck Open, Grand, Obsolete and Vest Chains, all the new elegant patterns. Also English and Swiss watches, American watches from the best manufacturers, which I will forward to any part of the country at factory prices.

CLOCKS.—From the plainest to the most elegant. Dealers in these articles from the interior will be allowed a liberal discount.

Remember the Sign of the Town Clock.
79 J Street, Between 3d and 4th.
0011-3m

THEY HAVE ARRIVED
50 CASES OF
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
Hats, Etc., Etc.

27 CASES
HARDWARE
All bought at the Manufacturers.

—AND—
WILL BE SOLD VERY LOW.
Come and see for yourselves and purchase where you can save the S. F. Jobbers' Profit.

F. S. FREEMAN & CO.
WOODLAND AND CAPAT, CAL.
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SHERMAN, HYDE & CO
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
IN THE STATE.

SHERMAN & HYDE SQUARE
AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Everything in the Music Line
PIANOS AND ORGANS!
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